

The Historie.

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Goe ye giddy goose.

The musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And tis no maruaile he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouern'd by humors,
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare lady my brache howle in Irish.

La. Wouldst thou haue thy head broken?

Hot sp. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot sp. Neither, tis a womans fault.

La. Nowe God helpe thee.

Hot. To the Welsh Ladies bed.

La. Whats that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come Kate, ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth, Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsbury:

Sweare me Kate like a ladie as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.

Come sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. Tis the next way to turne rayler, or be redbreast teacher,
and the indentures be drawn ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As *Hot.* Lord Percy is on fire to go:

By

of Henrie the fourth

By this our booke is drawne, wee leue
And then to horse immediatlie.

Mor. With all my hart.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince
Must haue some priuate conference, but
For we shall presently haue neede of you
I know not whether God will haue it
For some displeasing seruice I haue done
That in his secret doome out of my blame
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge
But thou dost in thy passages of life,
Make me beleue that thou art onely
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me
Could such inordinate and low desire
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such
Such barren pleasures, rude societie
As thou art matcht withall, and grafed
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood
And hold their leuell with thy princelie

Prin. So please your Maiestie, I would
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am chargd withall
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuised,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needs
By smiling pickthanks, and base newes
I may for some things true, wherein
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me see
At thy affections, which do hold a win
Quite from the flight of all thy aunce
Thy place in counsell thou hast rudely
Which by thy younger brother is supplant
And art almost an allien to the harts.